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THREE POEMS

HOW VARIOUSLY in France
life utilizes the cafe girls
who with such natural an artificiality
decorate many occasions.

They become concierges, seamstresses,
brothel inmates, housewives, —
and what else? —
carrying with them however, wherever,
their not to be called unscrupulous
qualities.

Living as they do in animal wisdom
let it not be said that they possess
'the art of life'
since they themselves do not
so consciously stultify their activities.

Though they may sell cocaine,
and do not let ideas interfere
with solving the economic needs of life
yet they have their taste for clients
who are 'toujours delicat'
or 'vraiment gentile'.

Playfully as white rats
they seek naturally to insinuate themselves
into the affections of their erstwhile lovers,
and surely as birds,
indifferently as charmingly graceful
exhibitionistic animals,
and as purely free from high intention,
they serve their scene
which can not possibly be

simple, or too tender, or over kindly.

Human jewels of glass,
of semi-precious or of even precious stone

these girls
Colette, Denise, Lola, Nini,
Kiki, Sporty, Reine, Suzy,
and the rest,

can be seen in their moments of glory,
when indiscreet
with anger, avarice, or jealousy—
but forever righteous in the heat of indignation—
flesh has broken through the flush
of their tinted ivory
public identities;

then they are the other says in combat
"vulgair" "Grossiere" "mechante"

but nevertheless, still

crested screamers

in a jungle of electric lights

soon to return from impassioned flesh
that in noway recollects parrots

back to their identities
as bird jewelry
butterfly flowers
or as carved and tinted ivory figurettes.

ROBERT McALMON

BROTHERS

THE ONE is a genius;
at propaganda,
and at getting to the public.
The other has great power
to organize and execute
business enterprise.
He does not give a damn about public welfare or opinion
except as they effect
his mania
for commercial success.
There is in him no desire
for personal publicity
such as has been a constant fever,
a malady of fire raging
in the brother.
He, the genius,
has all the fever and blind force

which that disease engenders.
He, unlike the other,
does not understand all one can say
even to refuse to long consider
because it does not suit his ends.
His scope of comprehension
is narrowed for attainment.

They quarreled because of this,
for the blinder force
interfered with capital accumulation.
The hysteria of power in both
would not let either feel
the tentacles of old age
breaking them in its octupus embrace.

Each is a phenomenon,
a faith to himself,
a question and an answer,
but now
that both are old,
and ailing,
one with an illness rumoured to be mental,
Now
that tension
of power-desire is relaxing,
dimming to vagueness and unreality,
Both
are desolate figures.
Neither knows
how to communicate with people
other than to direct them,

and all whom they encounter
are not to be directed.

But they still survive,
believing yet, if only through need
to authenticate their talents.

Opportunism is ideal enough, forever, for them,
and for anyone
competing with destiny,
with public and individual opinions.

All other ideas are orchids, parasite growths,
luxuries, impractical,
sublimated, and prejudiced with hope.

Life is existence,
food, sleep, propagation,
the evidence of energy,
and what else?

Phantasy, and power, — a dream.

They will not long outlast
senility.
That is a fever
without enough throb
for their high vitality
caught at however low a moment.

Power,
the irresponsible heart's mad palpitation
through unresponsive days, desire playing yet
on all they cannot have to know,
must surely break in them,

and leave power and desire,
genius, blind force, and conscious will,
elsewhere,
fresh leaves budding
after the winter's cold and harshwilled wind.

ROBERT McALMON

THE BLACK cat loops
designs
across the rug
up
draped cninese curtains,
knocking the parokeets cage,
ignoring bird fright.
However
she could not compete
with the Siamese kitten
whose
crazy
taut-electric
antics
were agile
with
race-contemplated contortions
that apes and kings conspired
in some dim
evolutionary
and perhaps fabulous
past

COMPOTIER ET JOURNAL (1921) BY JUAN GRIS

NATURE MORTE (1921) BY JUAN GRIS

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FRUITS ET BROC (1923) BY JUAN GRIS

to cause.
Draftsman of lines
that fade while drawn
she disdained her public:
2 ladies - 1 Man -
a bemused white dog
and a cathedral tower
glowering
through the open window.

ROBERT McALMON

MR. AND MRS. ELLIOT

MR. AND MRS. ELLIOT tried very hard to have a baby. They tried as often as Mrs. Elliot could stand it. They tried in Boston after they were married and they tried coming over on the boat. They did not try very often on the boat because Mrs. Elliot was quite sick. She was sick and when she was sick she was sick as Southern women are sick. That is women from the Southern part of the United States. Like all Southern women Mrs. Elliot disintegrated very quickly under sea sickness, travelling at night in a railroad carriage and getting up too early in the morning. Many of the people on the boat took her for Elliot's mother. Other people who knew they were married believed she was

going to have a baby. In reality she was forty years old. Her years had been precipitated suddenly when she started travelling.

She had seemed much younger, in fact she had seemed not to have any age at all, when Elliot had married her after several weeks of making love to her after knowing her for a long time in her tea shop before he had kissed her one evening.

Hubert Elliot was taking post graduate work in law at Harvard when he was married. He was a poet with an income of nearly ten thousand dollars a year. He wrote very long poems very rapidly. He was twenty-five years old and had never gone to bed with a woman until he married Mrs. Elliot. He wanted to keep himself pure so that he could bring to his wife the same purity of mind and body that he expected of her. He called it to himself living straight. He had been in love with various girls before he kissed Mrs. Elliot and always told them sooner or later that he had led a clean life. Nearly all the girls lost interest in him. He was shocked and really horrified at the way girls would become engaged to and marry men whom they must know had dragged themselves through the gutter. He once tried to warn a girl he knew against a man of whom he had almost proof that he had been a rotter at College and a very unpleasant incident had resulted.

Mrs. Elliot's name was Cornelia. She had taught him to call her Calutina which was her family nick name in the South. His mother cried when he brought Cornelia home after their marriage but brightened very much when she learned they were going to live abroad.

Cornelia had said "you sweet dear boy" and held him closer than ever when he had told her how he had kept himself clean for her. Cornelia was pure too. "Kiss me again like that," she said.

Hubert explained to her that he had learned that way of kissing from hearing a fellow tell a story once. He was so delighted with his experiment and they developed it as far as possible. Sometimes when they had been kissing together a long time Cornelia would ask him to tell her again that he had kept himself really straight for her. The declaration always set her off again.

At first Hubert had no idea of marrying Cornelia. He had

never thought of her that way. She had been such a good friend of his, and then one day in the little back room of the shop they had been dancing to the gramophone while her girl friend was in the front of the shop and she had looked up into his eyes and he had kissed her. He could never remember just when it was decided that they were to be married. But they were married.

They spent the night of the day they were married in a Boston hotel. They were both very disappointed but finally Cornelia went to sleep. Hubert could not sleep and several times went out and walked up and down the corridor of the hotel in his new Jaeger bathrobe that he had bought for his wedding trip. As he walked he saw all the pairs of shoes, small shoes and big shoes, outside the doors of the hotel rooms. This set his heart to pounding and he hurried back to his own room but Cornelia was asleep. He did not like to awaken her and soon everything was quite all right and he slept peacefully.

The next day they called on his mother and the next day they sailed for Europe. It was possible to try to have a baby but Cornelia could not attempt it very often although they wanted a baby more than anything else in the world. They landed at Cherbourg and came to Paris. They tried to have a baby in Paris. Then they decided to go to Dijon where there was summer school and where a number of people who crossed on the boat with them had gone. They found there was nothing to do in Dijon. Hubert, however, was writing a great number of poems and Cornelia typed them for him. They were all very long poems. He was very severe about mistakes and would make her re-do an entire page if there was one mistake. She cried a good deal and they tried several times to have a baby before they left Dijon.

They came to Paris and most of their friends from the boat came back too. They were tired of Dijon and anyway would now be able to say that after leaving Harvard or Columbia or Wabash they had studied at the University of Dijon down in the Cote d'Or. Many would have preferred to go to Languedoc, Montpellier or Perpignan if there are universities there. But all those places are too far away. Dijon is only four and a half hours from Paris and there is a diner on the train.

So they all sat around the cafe du Dome, avoiding the Rotonde across the street because it is always so full of foreigners for a few days and then the Elliots rented a chateau in Touraine through an advertisement in the New York Herald. Elliot had a number of friends by now all of whom admired his poetry and Mrs. Elliot had prevailed on him to send over to Boston for her girl friend who had been in the tea shop. Mrs. Elliot became much brighter after her girl friend came and they had many good cries together. The girl friend was several years older than Cornelia and called her Honey. She too came from a very old Southern family.

The three of them with several of Elliot's friends who called him Hubie went down to the Chateau in Touraine. They found Touraine to be a very flat hot country very much like Kansas. Elliot had nearly enough poems for a book now. He was going to bring it out in Boston and had already sent his check to and made a contract with a publisher.

In a short time the friends began to drift back to Paris. Touraine had not turned out the way it looked when it started. Soon all the friends had gone off with a rich young and unmarried American poet to a seaside resort near Trouville. There they were all very happy.

Elliot kept on at the Chateau in Touraine because he had taken it for all summer. He and Mrs. Elliot tried very hard to have a baby in the big hot bedroom on the big, hard bed. Mrs. Elliot was learning the touch system on the typewriter but she found that while it increased the speed it made more mistakes. The girl friend was now typing practically all of the manuscripts. She was very neat and efficient and seemed to enjoy it. Elliot had taken to drinking white wine and lived apart in his own room. He wrote a great deal of poetry during the night and in the morning looked very exhausted. Mrs. Elliot and the girl friend now slept together in the big mediaeval bed. They had many a good cry together. In the evening they all sat at dinner together in the garden under a plane tree and the hot evening wind blew and Elliot drank white wine and Mrs. Elliot and the girl friend made conversation and they were all quite happy.

ERNEST HEMINGWAY

ABSTRACTION AND TIME IN MUSIC

I

THE MOST important and least experimented-with part of music is TIME.

Music has always been the adventures of TIME with SPACE. Just in-so-far as this space is tightened is the music great music.

No superficial outward antiquity or ultra-modernity can alter this.

Beauty or ugliness which appeals to, or shocks the primary senses has nothing to do with determining a work of art. Art is determined by the voltage of its synthesis.

The ear, like the eye, is merely the outward human organ used for determining the surface and placing the line. The ear in itself can recognise no perfection. The latter quality lies solely within ourselves. When we look at a painting we can see only color and line. The eye sees nothing more than this.

The form we must feel within ourselves. If this does not exist there, it will never exist anywhere. We will then merely find enjoyable canvases with nice colors and little voluptuous lines. In music we have now known for some time that Scrabine was this kind of a composer . . . . in music.

No music can exist which is based upon such a superficial and primary thing as the ear.

II

I have no doubt that some day in the future vast rhythmic edifices of sound, tightened and stretched a thousand-fold through the evolving of the inner abstraction of music will radiate a higher voltage than we can imagine today. And it may be that these sounds may not at all be what we today call "musical vibration." It may even be made by beating vast pieces of wood and steel, and attain vibrations today unknown. But this will all be by-product, in relation to the abstraction of time-space

which is the first problem of musical art of the future . . . . and incidentally, in a weak and oftentimes halting way, has been the great problem of musical art of the past . . . . perhaps the sole great problem. The only men who we call masters today are those men who got their work into some kind of form. The melodic and harmonic masters are dying rapidly. Their projections into space might have been nice and novel for the time in which they were written . . . . novelty has a certain value.

The more enduring masters, Mozart and Bach, occupied themselves not with superficial beauty . . . . or as we are doing today . . . . with superficial ugliness, but with form. Form in music *is* TIME.

Therefore, as proved by every single instance in the past, it will be solely through a concentration on time that greater evolution will bring itself about in music.

III

Any musical mathematics which does not concern itself with the stuff of which music is fundamentally made, which is TIME, is emphatically a fraud and an imbecility. And as it is as impossible to work with algebraic and Arabian mathematics even as it is impossible to plot good draughtsmanship in painting by higher geometry . . . . all numerical calculation of harmony is apt to be the sheerest futility.

IV

It is about time that we discard all bunkum about "chords" and "harmony." One cannot base criticism of painting upon light-vibration. Let us not talk about how concordant or discordant a composer appears to be. He may orchestrate a work for three thousand strange instruments . . . . and still be only a "color" composer.

V

Let us not judge by external newnesses. They are easy to manufacture. Let us, rather, take the case of Brancusi who could work twenty years to make the finest abstract form that lay inert

in a piece of stone.

The GREATEST ARTIST should be he who is able to bring out of THIS special and THAT special material, the finest forms that lay inert and potent in that material.

As I said before . . . . the stuff of which music is made is not sound-vibration, but TIME. So it is not a question of new chords one may be inventing, or new musical resources one may be trying to glorify by a more elegant harmony (such as jazz!) but what new projections one is making into musical space, and one's own musical strength in the tightness of the abstractions you may or may not succeed in making.

VI

In music the only possible abstraction possible in the sense of TIME-SPACE, and its relation to the human body through the organ of the ear; through the spacing-off and draughtsmanship of TIME-SPACE by the means of various points of sound.

And sound merely means "vibration." Abstraction cannot be accomplished by vibration, but by the draughtsmanship of points of sound, and the musically invisible lines that go between them.

These forms find themselves entirely in TIME. It is impossible to establish any critical or mathematical consideration of music without beginning at this point. And to consider abstraction or any other true modernity in music without this basis would be the purest folly.

Paris, October 1924.

GEORGE ANTHEIL

JUAN GRIS

JUAN GRIS is a Spaniard. He says that his pictures remind him of the school of Fontainbleau. The school of Fontainbleau is a nice school, Diana and others. In this he makes no mistake, but he never does make a mistake. He might and he is, he is and he might, he is right and he might he right, he is a perfect painter and he might be right. He is a perfect painter painter, alright, he might be right.

Juan Gris is a Spaniard. He says that his last pictures he says that they are as alike as the school of Fontainbleau he says that they are like the pictures of the school of Fontainbleau if he can be like, if he can be like the school of Fontainbleau and not alike. And as not alike.

Juan Gris is a Spaniard. Juan Gris is a Spaniard and his pictures.

If come come if translated means translated if translated means translated if come come.

Juan Gris is as it is Juan Gris is at it is as seeing to it.

Juan Gris is one is the one who combines perfection with transubstantiation. By this he lives to say to-day yesterday and to find a day.

Let me tell all I know about Juan Gris.

To begin with he has black thoughts but he is not sad. To begin with he is complete and not completed. To begin with he is necessary and not destroyed. It is not necessary not to be. To begin with he has been he has been wonderfully saved.

Juan Gris formally knows me. Juan Gris and I. Juan Gris and I and formally and knows me. When this you see remember me, remember him to me. When this you see.

Many secrets many secrets, many many and no secrets.

Looking out what do I see, I see rains greens hills houses and their moon. What does he see. He sees he says so too. What does he see. He sees that he says so too.

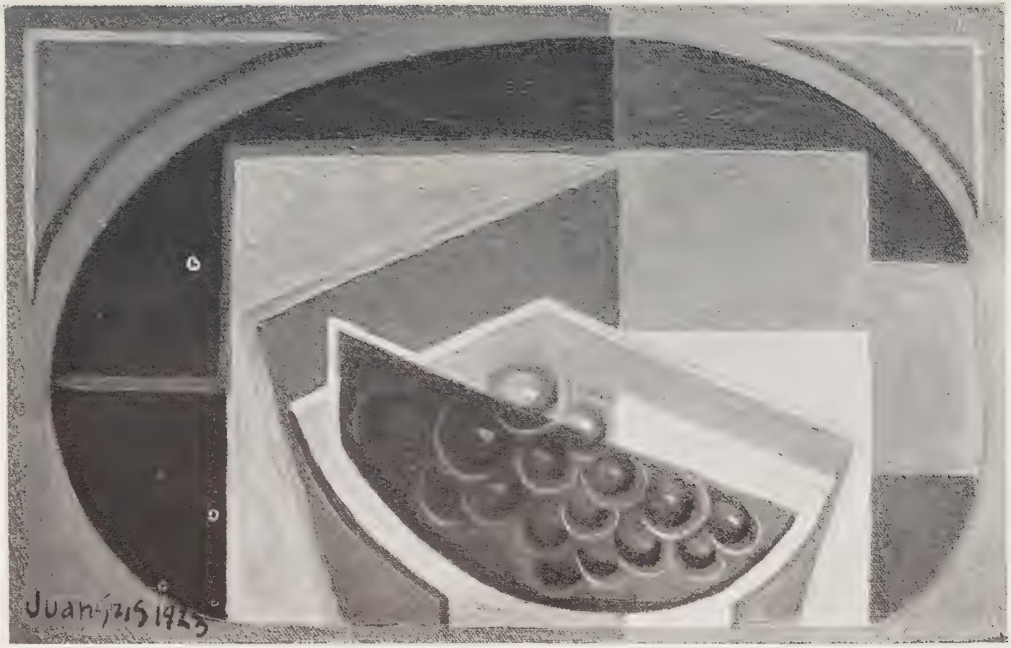
This can be felt and as his.

Do you see it look like that.

GERTRUDE STEIN

JUAN GRIS

Photograph by Man Ray



RAISIN NOIR (1923) BY JUAN GRIS

VIOLON ET COMPOTIER (1924) BY JUAN GRIS

MAISONS (1924) BY JUAN GRIS

COMMENT

JAMES JOYCE—In spite of the very serious condition of his eyes, Joyce is writing long hours every day on this new book. He has been at work on this book for many months and he says that it will be yet a very long time before it is ready for a publisher. The title has not been made public. One chapter was printed in the Transatlantic, it appeared without heading in the section called "Work in Progress". Although Mr. Joyce has told us something of this new book—something of its plan and story; charting some passages to show his further experiments with the English language.....to our amazement,—it was in no way an interview and I do not feel at liberty to discuss any of it until after the publication of the book. Sylvia Beach, who published "Ulysses", in book form, will be its publisher. "Ulysses" is being translated into French by Valery Larbaud and Auguste Morel. I believe M. Morel has taken himself to an island where he can be undisturbed in his work. *Commerce,* a new French journal, in its first, the summer number, published the first evidence of this stupendous labour. "Ulysse—Fragments" was the title.

"The Portrait of the Artist" appeared early in the summer, translated into French by Ludmila Savitzky. It is called "Dedalus" in the French. It has been rumoured that Joyce has written a jazz opera, the truth of the story is simple enough. George Antheil asked Joyce if he could write some music to one of the episodes in "Ulysses". . . . . the more extreme the request the more helpless Joyce. George Antheil does not necessarily spell jazz, but that is the way the story would have to turn out.

BRANCUSI—He is there in his white clothes, in his white studio, with his white dog . . . . working away trying to get the universe back into an egg. He is writing a story for the Little Review,—the story of an adventure, he had this past summer on the beach down in the Midi, with some magic sculpture that he had made. I hope it will be here for the next issue. There is a plan on foot, headed by the Little Review, to bring Brancusi

to America next autumn with some of his work, for an exhibition. The plan as outlined provides that he shall come two months in advance of the date set for the exposition, he will take a studio where he can make the blocks and other important basis upon which the work will rest, he will have time to build or rebuild a room in which his work can be seen in sympathetic surroundings. Anyone wishing to support this plan in any way please address the Little Review.

GERTRUDE STEIN—Gertrude Stein is always living in Paris now, as she might write, always writing and experimenting. There is a great stir of interest both in England and America over her work at the moment. Oxford in the shape of the Sitwells has discovered her, her American publishers are constantly receiving demands for all her work that is out of print, "Geography and Plays" her last book, is steadily increasing in sales. "Three Lives", her first book, now out of print and mostly in the hands of collectors, is about to be reprinted. "The Making of Americans" will no doubt find a publisher in the coming year. Gertrude Stein is so handsome, such a mighty talker, the best host and playfellow and a first rank artist. I hope she has a hundred happy new years.

MARCEL DUCHAMP—Has formed a stock company of which he is the Administrator, etc. Shares are being sold at 500 francs. The money will be used to play a system in Monte Carlo. Stockholders to receive 20 per cent interest, etc. Some of the shares have arrived in this country and are very amusing in make-up. They carry a roulette wheel with a devil-like photograph of Marcel pasted upon it, they are signed twice by hand,—Prose Sélavy (a name by which Marcel is almost as well known as by his regular name) appears as president of the company. If anyone is in the business of buying art curiosities as an investment, here is a chance to invest in a perfect masterpiece. Marcel's signature alone is worth much more than the 500 francs asked for the share. Marcel has given up painting entirely and has devoted most of his time to chess in the last few

years. He will go to Monte Carlo early in January to begin the operation of his new company.

OTHERS—Robert McAlmon finds time somewhere in the midst of bull-fighting, writing, travelling, and montmarting to be a very alert publisher. We have just received a copy of one of his latest book "Village", bound in blue paper with gold lettering. He is about to publish the work of Emanuel Carnevali. Carnevali was a radiant young artist of very great promise, and a critic with poetry, wrath and honesty. He came from Italy, lived the difficult life of a foreigner in New York, learned English and soon appeared in *The Little Review, Poetry* and one or two other journals. Later he went to live in Chicago but life and poverty overcame him. He returned to Italy a sick man and has never recovered sufficiently to continue his work. "Tales of a Hurried Man" which appeared in the *Little Review* are perhaps his best work. Cedric Morris has just held a very successful exposition in Edinburgh at the New Gallery, under the direction of the Arts League of Service (London). The Exhibition also contained statuettes by Frank Dobson and stoneware pottery by W. S. Murray. It was the first general show of modern work held in Edinburgh. Djuna Barnes is in Cagnes. She has recently finished a three act play. Hemingway is living in Paris, teaching his one-year-old son to bull-fight. He is about to publish his first long book. Margaret Anderson is in Italy at the moment, she recently appeared in the Paris Journal with an article on the "Ulysses" trial and a criticism of the critics . . . . it had the well-known Anderson tension of interest in slaying. The Picabia-Satie Ballet has just been given in Paris. It was made up largely of amusing dada "movies".

BOOKS AND OTHER MATTERS

I STARTED out very enthusiastically to make some notes on the recent books and then — what about the recent books? Margaret Anderson is away at the moment so I took in my books,—several kinds of books, some that could never be

called literature at all. I took them right in to the scornful office of the Little Review.

Here they are, then:

"Humpty-Dumpty", Hecht; "A Story Teller's Story", Anderson; "Balisland", Hergesheimer; "Young Archimedes", Huxley; "Sard Harker", Masefield; "The Tattooed Countess", Van Vechten; "Masters of Modern Art", Pach; etc., etc.

M. A. will see this and write—"What *is* the matter with you?" and I . . . . won't answer.

There are our two, at one time constant, contributors: Sherwood Anderson and Ben Hecht. Sherwood going steady and sure again after "Many Marriages."—I wish I hadn't mentioned that book . . . I may have been mentally ill when I read it, but there was something wrong with someone. If I did not know Sherwood Anderson so well, I might say that it belongs to the whisky school of prophesy and art.

Several years ago, in Chicago, Floyd Dell, Ben Hecht, and others of the somewhat younger men used to delight in taking cracks at Sherwood Anderson, who was just beginning to be published. He stood it much the way a great animal stands the buzzing of flies . . . . he was thinking about writing stories. We have seen what has become of Floyd Dell and Ben Hecht is dangerously near to becoming another best-seller.

Ben Hecht always puts motors on sail-boats. He likes the put-put-put and then the sails are sure to be full all of the time. Ben Hecht may not be willing to do the kind of work that everyone thought he had a right to expect from Hecht . . . . but, with so much and so many clevernesses, it puzzles one not to see him escaping the best-seller audience by some new trick.

In "Humpty-Dumpty" he again gives us his favorite hero . . . . this time his name is Ben Savaron Hecht. One begins to think of Ben Hecht as the "Marble Faun" of Chicago. The book is a good Hecht performance.

The Story Teller's Story, as I have said, brings Sherwood Anderson back at his best story telling pace. Half way down the first page when he begins with his "good-for-nothing" father you settle into the story with a grin of friendship for Anderson's style. I have heard that several people mentioned in the story

are racing madly about raving at the untruth of some of his observations. I came upon two or three little passings of the truth . . . . but why not laugh,—there is nothing like the Truth to put us in our graves. This is a story "according to" Sherwood Anderson. Is there anyone simple enough to believe that we have ever had the truth of any story from the beginning of the world? Everything in Religion, History, and Art was done "according to" someone.

A young poet in speaking of "The Tattooed Countess" wearily and rather obviously remarked—"doesn't Carl really know that there are some plants that can't be Firbanked?" The remark could stand as a flippant, not too unsatisfactory dismissal of the book . . . . but it carries in it a sort of comment on all those individuals one meets in Paris and New York (perhaps everywhere). Individuals who think that they have left their hometown, somewhere and sometime far in the past, for a more sensitized, more free, more exotic life. They learn a few tricks, cultivate a protective wit or silence, exert themselves about clothes and a "different" manner of living, become quite superior about art and morality, but—they remain, in spite of all the effort, environment, prayers—indelibly, if not increasingly, provincial.

However, this book comes under the head of romantic novel—light, and does not pretend to be lasting literature. I felt that the poet's comment seemed to apply in some way . . . . that is all.

Of "Balisland", "Sard Harker", and "Young Archimedes"—all widely different except in one thing, (there seems to have been no necessity anywhere for their having been written) I can say no one word . . . . they are just more books.

A book I should like to take up, not really at length, not really with much zest but . . . . there is a need, no doubt, for many books on "Modern Art". Cheney, Dreier and Pach have each tried to bring some understanding of this period to the general public, within the last year. Cheney was too indiscriminate, too inclusive in his enthusiasm; Miss Dreier's book could easily be a handicap to any understanding of her subject; Pach's general remarks are sound even if they are not very luminous or new to some of us. The present epoch is in many ways the most energetic and

significant in Western history. Artists have broken with the human anecdote and with man's infatuation for the beef and vegetable kingdoms. Today there are artists who are creating forms and beings which are the conscious expression of the unvarying and universal laws. These forms do not copy the organizations of Nature but have a life of their own and extend Nature. Something very interesting could be written about the Machine as a religious expression as great if not greater than the great cathedrals . . . . I have thought of doing it.

There are a number of home-product art expositions on in the different galleries but I realize that I am not the sympathetic reviewer that they need . . . . on the other hand there are two big, foreign, one-man shows. — Mestrovic in Brooklyn and Zuoloago on Fifth Avenue: Serbian rhetoric in stone, Spanish rhetoric in paint.

Stravinsky makes his first American appearance just after this number goes to press. He will conduct his own compositions, he will also play some of his compositions on the piano. "Transportation is civilization". What do the "standing-room-only" audiences understand or do about modern painting, sculpture, literature, etc. . . .ever wonder?

The Theatre, Cinema, Song, Boxing, etc., will be discussed in our next issue. j h.]

"A ROTTEN CORPSE"

Our young Frenchmen (all but one of them have appeared in the Little Review) issued a four page sheet, on the death of Anatole France, which they called "A ROTTEN CORPSE." We will quote a few paragraphs (in translation) as a matter of contrast to the symposium on Conrad, in the Transatlantic Review....in which no one even went so far as to say he was an unfertilized egg. The one attitude is so French the other so US ..... the truth is that neither group cares a "whoop" for any great man....but the Frenchmen have more fun not caring.

"The brain of France is worthy of his Genius" so says Doctor Guillaume.

In any case mark well that the brain of France corresponds at every point with his genius, at the same time that it explains it—

But does genius explain itself?

ANATOLE FRANCE or the gilded mediocrity

....This mediocre man has succeeded in stretching the limits of the mediocre. This writer of talent has pushed his talent up to the door of genius. But he has remained at the door.

This man is a vase—empty.

He is a flat surface—a single dimension.

Memory only functions in his universe. Reminiscences assembled with taste. And certainly I do not deny the taste. I do not deny grace, quick intelligence, charming manners, limpid language, harmony and honey: but I say that deprived of substance and of marrow, isolated and sterile, I don't give a snap for these virtues.

This sceptic, this amiable sceptic leaves me cold. It is passion that I am enamoured of. It is optimism, faith, ardour and blood that I rave over. I love life and my heart beats only for life.

Anatole France is dead!

Joseph DELTEIL

....Loti, Barrès, France, let us mark with a fine white sign the year which put to bed these three sinister good fellows: the idiot, the traitor and the detective. With France a little human servility has gone out. Let that day be a fete in which one buries deceit, traditionalism, patriotism, opportunism, scepticism, realism and the lack of heart!

André BRETON

....He wrote badly, I swear it to you, this man of irony and of good sense, pitifully afraid of ridicule. And it is really very little to write well if that is all one can do. All the mediocrity of the man, so limited, so fearful, a conciliator at any cost, speculating in bankruptcy, complaisant in defeat, a satisfied, optimistic booby, a thinking reed, all this is mirrored in Bergeret whose mildness you will try in vain to make me admire.

Louis ARAGON

....Still another one who lived in the golden age before the war, an age of which we understand nothing. This France is the frenchman par excellence of that period.

No, our piety remains with those who are dead so young, whose words were not left in their mouths like old lumps of sugar but were snatched from them in blood and foam. And I ask you—and this question asked, pardon me for the tone which must be taken here at this time so that the people who mourn shall not be the only ones heard in Europe, a tone which alone corresponds with the fundamental thought that Anatole France dead, France still lives, a France so many sided that some would like to stifle her under this catafalque, a France mystic, credulous, obscure, brutal, marvellously insulated

in an out-worn décor—I ask you, of what use was this grandfather to those children?

A strange grandfather who too much resembles French grandfathers: without a God, without a moving love, without an insupportable despair, without magnificent wrath, without definite failures, without complete victories.

Pierre DRIEU LA ROCHELLE

The night descends already. When one has the courage to run through the necrological articles one is astonished at the poverty of the eulogies given to the dead France. What sad celluloid wreaths! The word of Barrès is regularly repeated: "He was a maintainer." What cruelty! the maintainer of the French language: that makes one think of an adjutant or a very pedantic school master. It seems to me a singular idea to lose several minutes addressing farewells to a corpse whose brain has been removed! Since all is finished let us say no more.

Philippe SOUPAULT

"SOIRÉE DE PARIS"

To Mary Reynolds.—

SO LONG as I am young, and I hope to remain always young, my revolutionary spirit will never grow less. I shall ever be for destruction against construction and for Lenine against St. Thomas d'Aquin. Being an anarchist I have no sympathy with the aristocracy—that does not prevent my being an aristocrat—and it is certainly not I who shall congratulate M. le Comte on his organization of the "Soiree de Paris" at the Cigale. If I did consent to thank this fool of a gentleman, it should be that more than Balzac, more than Anatole France, more than André Derain, he has increased in me that loathing of art not unknown to you.

However the month during which the curtain rose nightly on the stage of the Cigale was not for my friends and myself a month of boredom. Louis Moyès, manager of the Boeuf sur le Toit, fashionable Parisian cabaret, had the brilliant idea of installing, in the very auditorium, a bar open during the performance. Unfortunately the infernal row which existed obliged the Comte to

SET FOR ROMEO AND JULIET

~~BY PICASSO~~
par Jean Hugo
costumes et décors

SET FOR MERCURE BY PICASSO

close the bar at the end of a week. Around the whiskies and the gins pressed those incapable of making a sacrifice, be it for the Fatherland, for love, or for art: Mary Reynolds, Lila Robertson, Francis Picabia, Edgar Varèse, Man Ray, Robert W. Chanler, Robert McAlmon, Lawrence Vail, Prose Sélavy and myself. I retain a souvenir of having enjoyed at this bar, the best drunks of my life.

However, out of respect for the readers of the Little Review, I had better say something about the program. What is there to say?

Salade—by Flament and Darius Milhaud : nothing
Le Beau Danube Bleu—by Strauss : nothing
Vogue—by Paul Morand : nothing
Gigue—by André Derain : nothing
Le Premier Amour—by Erik Satie : nothing.....
.....Ah! I forgot in this ballet there was a charming little dancer: Miss Joyce Meyers.
There remains: Romeo et Juliette; Mouchoir de Nuages; Mercure.

Of "Romeo et Juliette" adapted by Shakespeare from the celebrated novel of our great national poet, Jean Cocteau, I have nothing to say either unless that, like the Marquis de Sade, I prefer manger de la merde.

As regards "Mouchoir de Nuages" I feel bound to say a little more. For although there was much in this drama which did not entirely please me, although the plot seemed to me to be too Schopenhaurien, nevertheless without doubt Tristan Tzara, Roumanian poet not yet decorated with the "legion d' honneur" (?) as is his compatriot M. de Max, is the greatest poet of today. "His Poet" perfectly portrayed by Marcel Herrand, one of the few actors of the future if he does not change his acting, expressed through the 14 acts of his tragedy the purest sentiments that I know. He placed this audience of snobs, idiots, paralytics, syphilitics, and dotards in the presence of the true Poetry, which, luminous, "hides in the light", to quote Dante.

May I speak of myself, and add that, perceiving the impassibility of the audience when I had hoped for demonstration, I made a slight protestation from the box of the Comtess. This

indiscretion caused me to be severely reprimanded by the charming Marc Allegret, and to suffer the silence of my friend Tzara for a whole day. But since. . . . . .

I must not forget also to say something about this assembly, where for a month celebrities of every class and degree rubbed shoulders: Parisys and the general Mangin; Miss Nancy Cunard and Pierre Drieu la Rochelle the patriot, André Gide and Jacques Rivierè; Igor Stravinsky and Pablo Picasso. It behooves me to emphasize the prodigious number of lilliputian people who presumed to give me their opinion, when they are not even worthy to open the door of my taxi. Let me mention, in passing, the magnificently bejewelled shoulders, and the little side-play in the W.C. "Soiree de Paris" is finished—and Paris is still the capital of France. And I am perhaps the only person who dares to snap his fingers at all that; Baumont; Picasso; Paris; Verdun; S. S. Pie XI; Edouard Herriot, this fat carrion; maréchal Hindenberg, etc. . . .

At last came "Mercure" which I had impatiently awaited. "Mercure" is a ballet without pretention and wherein the admirable qualities of Picasso are boldly displayed, and of which the music is entrusted to Satie. In spite of a feeble conspiracy, directed by a man whom I have never liked nor admired (even before he broke my arm at that never to be forgotten seance at the Theatre Michel, which Jane Heap has so humorously recounted) and by Louis Aragon, whom I both like and admire, and executed by a few obliging lackeys before the watchful eyes of the police, the score of "Mercure" merits being heard and appreciated.

This composition, so happily orchestrated, is in my opinion, one of the best since "Socrate". I give the palm to Erik Satie.

At the risk of being taken for a bad writer which I flatter myself to be, I have nothing more to say on this deplorable innovation of the nobility and modern art. If I except Erik Satie, Pablo Picasso, Tristan Tzara, the rest of this performance was nothing but servitude, platitude with its concessions to the tastes of a ridiculous audience. Ah! Jesus Christ, I hope indeed never to entertain such a mass of putrefaction? . . . All bores me; and I say merde on everything and everybody; nothing in-

terests me more in this domain, and I turn again towards the sole being to whom I can give my unqualified admiration: Prose Sélavy.

When I see him absorbed in his chess, or in his aqua vitae, I think of that glorious hour, when this old world will at last disappear, crushed beneath its senility and stupidity!

(*Translated by the author.*) PIERRE DE MASSOT

BILLARD NICOLAS

Regardez-moi bien!
* * * *Je suis petit.*
Tristan Tzara

LES grandes vivants, les grands vivants,
Les grands chenapans, les grands enfants,
Les grands artistes, les grands jugements,
Les grands espaces, les monuments.

Les grands rapaces, les grands savants,
La grande semaine, les grands talents,
Grand Soleilland, Hugo géant,
Le grand Fernand, Pierre le Grand.

Les grands boulevards, les grands parents,
Les grands succès, les grands tableaux,
Les grands fléaux, les grands chameaux,
Les grands projects, les grands amants.

Grands yeux, grand Dieu! la grande guerre,
Grands évènements, grands sentiments,
Grands mots, grands morts, la grande presse,
Le grand succès, le grand palais.

La grande ceinture, le Grand-Hôtel,
Les grands souliers, les grands élans,
Les grands vins blancs, les grands gourmands,
L'éternûment, les grands tourments.

LA BAAARBE!!!

PAUL ELUARD

ROBERT

THIS MORNING as I was walking to the station a gentleman, who is a friend of my father's, came past in a motor car. He stopped and offered me a ride up to London. I thanked him politely and refused. I like him and to drive up to business in a motor car would have been much more pleasant than travelling in a crowded railway carriage. Nevertheless I refused. I could see that he was surprised and offended and I was sorry because I did it. Later I wondered why I had refused to go with him but I could find no reason for my behaviour.

Then again, this afternoon. After I had returned from my luncheon hour, the manager sent for me, told me that I was a steady young man and that I had pleased him by my industry and application, and gave me a rise in salary. I listened to him attentively with my hands behind my back, all the time, however, desiring to laugh because his face reminded me so much of a camel. Eventually I could not control myself any longer, and bursting into a hearty laugh, I ran out of the office. In the cloak room I paused and tried to think, but could not, so I took my hat from the peg and left the building, perhaps for good.

Out in the streets I wandered about aimlessly for a little while. I could not go home because my mother would enquire my reason for leaving the office so early. Eventually I found my way on to London Bridge and stood there for nearly an hour, watching the ships on the river. It was pleasant there with the sun on my back and the bend of the river and the Tower Bridge before me. There was a large steamer putting out from one of the wharves and I felt myself one with each of the sailors as they ran along the decks, pulling and hauling at ropes and chains. I could smell the scent of tar and wood and salt and feel the hot rub of the rope between my hands. An officer was standing on an upper part of the deck, shouting commands at me, and there was a little wind off the river blowing in my face. I forgot everything and felt calm and peaceful. Later on, I remembered and went home.

Coming out of the station, I met a girl whom I like very much. She is small and fair with pale eyes and a clear complexion. She is quiet and does not fuss nor worry, which is why I like her. But to-night I did not wish to see her. I knew that it would not do, that something would happen. Nevertheless I went over and accosted her. I could have avoided doing this, for she had not seen me, but I could not prevent myself.

We walked home together and as we talked, I felt that I would like to tell her about what had happened a few hours before. Instead I suddenly said something so nasty that I blush now when I think of it. She stopped and stared at me, and her pale eyes went all dark just like a grey sea when a cloud shadow goes across it. I stared back at her, my eyes filling with tears, and whispered again what I had said before. She burst into tears and ran away from me down the dusky road. I stood watching her go with agony in my heart and then slowly went home.

And now I sit here in my bedroom under the roof, writing this down, trying to think it all out. Never before have I done so many of these things in one single day. Usually they are so rare that people forget that I have behaved like that before and are angry with me for what they consider a strange aberration—aberration, is that right? I am writing this very, very carefully as it may help to make things a little clearer.

Usually I am so like an ordinary person. I walk about and talk, and do things just like everyone else, I dress neatly and carefully, I write with a clear small hand, and though I do not converse much nor "shine" socially, people do not notice anything that is greatly different about me. Then suddenly I do something that is strange or disgusting or wrong and for weeks I suffer because of it. Not outwardly, although I am lectured and snubbed and cut, but in my inmost soul do I suffer.

It is always when someone is there that I do these things, of course. When I am by myself, I behave quite normally. It is not because I am exceptionally nervous or self-conscious. I am both of these things but not sufficiently to account for my behaviour. I think the reason is that I am "unsociable", that I am a person who cannot live amongst other people. I should

have been born in the desert far away from other human beings, or perhaps I should not have been a man at all. Some sort of an animal, a bird or a rabbit—but now I am becoming fanciful and poetical.

I think I am a poet though. Not a real one as I cannot set down my thoughts in good and beautiful order. But I often have the kind of thoughts that you read of so often in poems, beautiful strange different thoughts when my mind seems like a big flower opening slowly to the sun, soaking in the heat, curling and uncurling its long petals. And there are times when I feel I am a rocket bursting up through the darkness or a fish up through the water, up to blinding devastating light. And there are times when I feel that I am within things, living their lives, thinking their thoughts. . . . . Last night when we were at supper I went down into the cellar to draw some water from the main tap. It was raining outside and through the little window that is half below the surface of the ground, I could see the water soaking into the soil, reaching down, searching, searching . . . . and I was standing there with the tap water splashing into the blue jug, standing there in the damp semi-darkness, with the noisy lighted supper room miles and miles away above me in the darkness — standing — there — alone.

Moments such as these I often have which act as a sort of counterbalance and consolation after the other dreadful moments. But things cannot go on as they have done lately. Today I have misbehaved three times, and all last week I kept doing little things that were wrong. My mother watches me out of the corners of her eyes. My father too — there are eyes everywhere — the house is full of eyes. And footsteps — there are footsteps everywhere, following me about. There are footsteps on the stairs now. Perhaps it is my father. Perhaps they are coming to take me away — but where? Not amongst other people. Not shut up in rooms alone with them. I would rather die.

DONALD STEWART

NUIT

DOUCEMENT pour dormir à l'ombre de l'oubli
ce soir
je tuerai les rodeurs
silencieux danseurs
de la nuit
et dont les pieds de velours noir
sont un supplice à ma chair nue,
un supplice doux comme l'aile des chauves souris
et subtil à porter l'effroi
dans les coins où la peau se fait craintive, émue
pour mieux aimer, pour avoir peur
d'un autre corps et du froid.

Mais quel fleuve pour fuir ce soir ô ma raison?

C'est l'heure des mauvis garçons
l'heure des mauvais voyous.
Deux grands yeux d'ombre dans la nuit
seraient pour moi si doux, si doux.

Prisonnier des tristes saisons
je suis seul, un beau crime a lui
là bas, là bas à l'horizon,
quelque serpent peut-être et glacé de n'aimer point.

Mais où coule, où coule au loin
le fleuve dont a besoin
pour fuir ce soir ma raison?
Sur les berges vont les filles,
leurs yeux sont las, leurs cheveux brillant.

Je ne sais rien dire à ces filles
dont ils sont
les mauvais garçons,
dont ils sont
les fiers maquignons.

Je suis seul, un beau crime a lui
Deux grands yeux d'ombre dans la nuit
seraient pour moi si doux, si doux.

C'est l'heure des mauvais voyous.

RENÉ CREVEL

THE MAN FROM NOWHERE

(I have just been told that Mr. Wells, who it would seem still exercises from time to time his hobby of successful prophecy, is now not only hailing Columbia as the coming centre of civilization but stating definitely that the commodity known by that name will in fifty years time be obtainable at its best in and around Chicago. While heartily seconding this resolution I beg to ask the mover of it why, just because America blossoms now for the first time into Art and Literature, Europe should necessarily shrivel? Out upon the blasphemous suggestion! With this proviso I present the notes of one who has visited the Morning land only in spirit; a testimony set down before I heard what our prophet had put into his latest nutshell.)

YEARS AGO I knew all about America. Contact with Americans visiting Europe had provided me with a definition branching opulently to cover all that America is not. What I had found in the minds of the American parish classics, from Longfellow to James, could be justifiably credited to Europe by reason of its awareness of America; America as defined by differences.

PIERROT AUX MAINS JOINTES (1924) BY JUAN GRIS

FEMME AU MOUCHOIR (1921) BY JUAN GRIS

LA FEMME AU CHAPEAU (1924) BY JUAN GRIS

PIERROT (1924) BY JUAN GRIS

My charmed certainty of what America had not been, was not, never would be, was shaken to death by letters reaching me from all over The States in response to work published there. (No; *not all* letters from lonely spinsters! Of these there were only one or two. No; *not* letters bearing New England postmarks!) Letters coming from all sorts and conditions of men and women, and representing a fortuitous collection of States. The Atlantic vanished. For a while I went about a happy citizen of two countries. Since then, I have spent, sitting quietly in my room, a lively week in New America.

It began with the arrival of an immense parcel of books.

"These", said accompanying letter, "are not important, but they will show you something of the American mind in its present developments".

There were novels, plays and poems. Since this is no literary criticism I mention no names. It is sufficient to remark that all these writings, in spite of their American dress, their condensed swift liveliness, their freedom from age-long local preoccupations and references, are English to the core. The way, conscious or unconsidered, of their underlining of moral issues, even in the midst of warfare with convention, is the English way. It is neither Latin, Germanic nor Russian. Still less is it the way of the East. The poems, mostly free verse, not fanatically free, never paying tribute to law by assiduous anarchy—breathe an austere morality of the spirit.

The poet who had supplied the books was to follow them. Poets, good poets, are practical people with an extra special sense of the concrete. Hence their plaintiveness. This poet was no exception and was moreover, though born of westerners in the far west, English altogether. Travelled. Critical of England with a depth of understanding that comes only in detachment from something wholly known.

It happeoed that immediately upon the heels of the poet came, from another source, another shower of books. This time brand new; books produced independently of the usual channels. And they were followed by one who lives in my mind as the Man from Nowhere.

The literature, by several hands, was all of one pattern. Revolt and not merely the revolt, recurring with each generation, of youth against solidifying age. Not merely the brandishing weapons of a new gospel. These writers, scorning the petty compounds of disintegrating Europe, scorn also America. And all gospels whatsoever. Yet they have a religion. They are individualists, on principle. They claim wedlock with the present on the strength of their divorce from the past. Surrender to their art, for there are artists amongst them, left one in a world clear of ancient lights, yet not dark. A world lit by a cold incandescence.

This impression I presented, when he came, to the Man from Nowhere. He welcomed it. He had the appearance of an athlete, girt for effort. And a kindly brow, the brow of a don or a cleric. Refusing tea, he concentrated on my summary. I learned that America is no longer American. That the desire to cut clear and maintain distinct nationality is an affair of her childhood, now past. That there arises now in the vital centres of her consciousness a spirit free from the vapourings of group and clan.

It was a harsh discourse, bringing to my mind as it developed the image of a people leaving the earth. An airplane civilization. Poised without references or associations enthusiastically on the datum line. Whither bound they neither know nor care. The backward view interesting them only as the tragi-comic record of how men subsisted in a small dark world; the horizons of the future as vast as their sense of illimitable humanity.

In the end I found myself, though a little weary from my hour's enchanted listening, aware of a truth spoken aloud, and wondering whether perhaps America, motley of settlers and aliens, grey blend of colours of every tradition under the sun, may not be on the way, in becoming self-conscious, to that state of spirit that occurs in the individual as a recognition of having his roots outside space and time. Whether America, effecting a spiritual standardization, may not in the end turn out to be the stern leader of the world into the land whose promise sounds nearer and nearer above the din of conflict.

These modern Americans, I thought, are in any case neither romantic nor classic, neither wondersmiths nor worshippers of

form. To them the worst materialism is not exclusive love of the concrete, but subjection to ancient codes.

When we were taking leave, it occurred to me to inquire in what part of The States the Man from Nowhere, if fated to choose a permanent abiding-place, would pitch his tent.

"In no part", he said carelessly, "No one who's been over here for more than a bare visit would choose to live in Amurka".

I blushed. It was too charmingly overwhelming... My newly-found America wobbled in my mind. England, even for this newest of Americans, old England, after all.

"You find England congenial?" I murmured.

"No. I'd live in France. England is well-nigh a dead place. Your people are so wrapped in self-deception it's an embarrassment to be here".

I smiled what no doubt he took for an agreement, but I was recalling the first time I had heard this diagnosis; from the lips of an English psychologist who was summing up his impressions of the United States. They stand now side by side in my mind, the two views. Whenever I contemplate them the light goes up and I am cheered by an irrepressible grin. I remember that wherever there is aspiration, there will be found beside it those famous characteristics, so common in England and America, that are called prejudice, hypocrisy and humbug.

DOROTHY M. RICHARDSON

CHANCE ENCOUNTER

IT DOES not knife the heart, this blue. Not like that cove in Cornwall where the rain fell. Not like Corfu, with white roses, saffron roses, and the sea below them shield-glittering, like the Homeric sea. It is beautiful here but other civilizations have touched it.

Our fault perhaps. After Egypt there is no reaction. No whip of the thought up, save to memory of Germanic things, the snow flowers of Swiss mountains; a grey sea with gulls.

I am hungry for the North. Not to smell almonds but fresh roses, the rained-on raspberry-scented roses of Swiss gardens.

Yet the water beneath us, green, olive, lotus; why has the South gone from it, the bird calls and the songs?

As she came in we knew. It was no matter I had heard earlier who was on the island. Only the rebel walks quite that way, like a fencer one would lose to, rather than defeat.

And so (after evasions) we were to meet here, between Egypt and the North.

She said: "Isn't London boring? I haven't the heart to go on being rude to my friends. Then one goes out . . . . and finds one has offended somebody."

"London's awful. Sometimes one has to go there but I'd rather be in Greece."

"Isn't that rather remote?" Her eyes were like the Thessalian's, with green lights in them; heavy like the petal of a flower.

It was all a question of life we were talking about.

London. Greece. The intermediate. Paris or Ltaly. A question of environment, of "being let alone." They leave us no sanity of life now, no happiness. (With infinite possibility of happiness.) Only print and colours to shout our wishes to; print and colour and rain on the lemon flower.

That day in Florence. Wild boar and cheese in muslin bags. "Athenaeus," Freeman said, "Athenaeus. That was a civilization. Three hundred different ways of making cheese cakes. The shapes of the wine jars. Even common things were beautiful and he had leisure and a mind to note them undisturbed. The things of least importance to him have an abiding interest for us. A civilization . . . a civilization . . . drink to it!"

I, being more interested in food, swallowed a morsel of boar fat, thinking of Athenaeus.

Greece with iris and the fragment marble and fresh wind is a dream of the morning. In London a civilization actually lies dead.

If I stayed with them for coffee they would think I was bored. I never learnt early enough to stare at faces lightly. It is too late when adolescence has passed. So I strolled out among the almond trees to think of gentian. One has to settle somewhere. Because of books.

Have to answer to the almond boughs some answer. Why, how far, and what questions are replied to. Pear and almond against the vivid blue. What of modernity and what of the past?

Egypt is over and gone. Greece is over and gone. Constantinople, Scyros, "where Achilles was," a faint grey blossom on the waves. For another year the south is over and gone. The sea call is northward. There is Cornwall in the wind.

There was more in antiquity than we have; there was less. There is always the possibility of knowledge. Always the chance of a step out toward freedom even if it be of sand too many feet scrape out.

And beauty? The blue hippopotamus with papyrus. Anemones in the grass. The girl, "rebel," as they call her, that waits, a reed, by the steps.

Have to answer to the almond boughs some answer. Gentian and lemon flower. The north; the south.

Cobbles. Slit of blue sky back of a lemon shawl. Tortoiseshell fans and tortoiseshell cats. Dark haired children; Ischia straw baskets. Is it the mediaeval illumination of effect that grates the nerves or am I satiated with sunlight? But Athens was not like this. It was different, a song, new every time I came there.

Fun, though adventure. If she comes this way I may shout to her. Soon she will pass through the arch in the cafe door. I can see her in the garden. Her dress is the colour of a rose. I guess the limbs under it.

She comes down the road. I can shout to her if I need. Just that strange slight bend of the body there is no escaping. A reed, tip of a fruit branch. Her eyes, too, are the north, grey, with a wave break in them. I could shout if I needed.

"I wanted to be a boy and have adventures. They told me there were no adventures. But I found them all right. Greek

boats and storms and Egypt. They used to knife people under the windows in Athens. I went right west to the Pacific. There were groves of stoves and rows of oranges. And Fords . . . crawling . . . a gigantic tank . . . from Los Angeles to New York. But I came back believing in adventure. What's your life been?"

She went down the road. I was glad I had not shouted this. But her body was as a papyrus stem rising from water, as a fragment from Alexandria.

A boy would have remembered to open the door for her. I am a fool at times.

"When are you leaving?"

"Every steamer I mean to go but I'm too bored to pack my bags. And you?"

"Soon, I think. I want to get north. There is no reaction here after Egypt."

"I have been thinking about Greece all day. Italy—I come and come expecting—something I never find here. Would Greece complete me? I wondered by the rocks, all to-day. It is beautiful here but too compressed by the sea. I feel the sky falling on me. A sort of claustrophobia. Do you understand?"

"Yes. Greece is different. There is an edge to it always. This is soft, middle-aged. But there is no food now in Greece. And one has to eat something."

She laughed. I could reconstruct her life from her poises. An angular gay-coloured thing. Surfaces rippling into each other. Surfaces—not a depth.

"I must go there some day but it is so remote."

"Where do you live?"

"Everywhere. In Paris most, perhaps. Or Venice. London less often though I was there last summer. But after the war one had to get away. There was death in the air . . . a depression."

"I know. I went to America."

"What is it really like there?" (Strange she should ask me my own question.) "All my friends now are American."

"So are mine. I like Americans to be with but Europe to live

in. America itself is too expensive and too . . . prohibitive."

"Yes, I should feel that, I think. But it would be sharper there. Or is it the air? I like Americans only sometimes they do such extraordinary things."

It is hard evidently to escape one's generation. We are the same age. Yet how different our development. She was loosed. I was tied. She knew everyone. I knew no one. And at the end we ask each other the same questions, fear, perhaps the same fears. One cannot escape one's generation. There may be one side of it one prefers to express rather than another but one is of one's age. Both of us fighting that wider pressure of an old age against a new.

Europe is smashed, they say. They are going to standardize us, prohibit us, colonize us. But Europe is not dead yet. It is pressure of circumstance that forces thought of death upon us. What is the use of an inheritance if environment grinds, grinds like water on the blue pebbles of a beach. The pebbles grow grey as they dry, the sea colour leaves them.

Scraps of carving in a cave. Polish of an axe head. The saffron gatherers below Ida. "Life is a dream, passed before realization." "It is but giving over of a game that must be lost." But the waves are triumphant and the gulls.

We could hold if we had a chance. If from childhood we had independence. Not always this sacrifice to a worn out civilization. We could hold if we had a chance. Hold the world. Like a sea. Like a shield glittering in white moonlight.

The door opened. I must go. It was dinner time. She would leave to-morrow. If I said she was as beautiful as a stem of Sicilian papyrus she would probably laugh. We had no books between us. Our lives were different. But, we asked the same questions of the same tormented world.

"Things are very difficult."

"Yes."

"We shall meet again sometime."

"Soon I hope."

As I left her I remembered Alexandria, the coast.

BRYHER

DOWNTOWN

NEW YORK — downtown — streets — buildings — firms — people.

streets — short — crooked — narrow — dark.

are crowded — teeming — undulating — festering.

passers by — strollers — walkers — loiterers — crowds — mobs.

members of the Big Board — members of the Curb — sleek haired salesmen — girl graduates from the Manhattan Preparatory School on Houston Street — telephone clerks — bookkeepers — comparison clerks — runners very young and very old — bucket shop keepers — boy wonders — news boys — news women — beggars — best traders on the Street — never get nowhere fellows — plain whores — insurance salesmen — tipsters — touch system typists — detectives — men — women — boys — girls — American — Dutch — Irish — Jew — Italian — Russian — French — German — Spanish — Polish — Argentine — Swedish — nigger — English — Turk — Mexican — Syrian — American — wop — greaser — polack — sheenie — coon — mick — kike — chink — yid — frog — limie.

extra — chocolate almonds — pineapples — dates — figs — straw hats — lunch on the tombs of the Trinity churchyard — cigars — cigarettes — chewing gum — cigarette buts from the sidewalk.

best architects — most famous engineers — most skillful draughtsmen — best paid artists — greatest builders — decorators — mechanics — carpenters — plumbers — masons — hod carriers.

conceived — planned — consulted — draughted — executed — constructed — erected — decorated — furnished.

tallest — largest — greatest — biggest — strongest — everlasting.

most massive — most economical — space saving — most artistic.

magnificent — grandiose — superb — marvellous — unique.

VERRE ET FRUITS (1924) BY JUAN GRIS

LA SERVIETTE (1924) BY JUAN GRIS

rock — steel — granite — marble — wood — glass — copper — brass — lead — paint.

National City Bank — National City Company — National Park Bank — National Bank of Commerce — First National Bank — Guaranty Trust Company — Equitable Trust Company — Bankers Trust Company — J. P. Morgan & Company — Kuhn, Loeb and Company — Lazard Freres et Cie — Kidder, Peabody and Company.

safe — solid — conservative — solid bed rock — unlimited resources — high grade — gilt edged — respectability — we do not guarantee this statement but we have taken it from sources we believe reliable — church going — my country may she ever be in the right but my country right or wrong — patriotism — rock of Gibraltar — absolutely safe — A1 — AAAaaa — 24 carat — Mayflower — New England tradition — bulldog — gr-r-r-r.

men — women — boys — girls — husbands — fathers — grandfathers — daughters — granddaughters — wives — sons — sisters — friends — foes — nodding acquaintances — hat lifting acquaintances — hand shaking acquaintances.

good fellows — bad sports — nice chaps — damned fools — she's easy to get — wise guys — know it all fellows — boy wonders — never missed a shot fellows — clever financiers — suckers — fish — poor fish — nevergetnowherebecauseheneverlookswherehesgoingfellows.

buy — sell — exchange — beg — borrow — steal — cheat — give — take — donate — endow — deceive — lie — sympathise — pity — love.

melting pot — maelstrom — mixup — Bedlam — pandemonium.

NATHAN ASCH

LE SINGE ET LE SINGE

FABLE

JE suis
Tu es
Il est
Nous sommes
Vous êtes
Ils sont.

MORALE

Être.

G. RIBEMONT-DESSAIGNES

FILM BY FERNAND LÉGER AND DUDLEY MURPHY MUSICAL SYNCHRONISM BY GEORGE ANTHEIL

Objects—images—the most usual.

Figures, fragments of figures, mechanical fragments, metals, manufactured objects, flat projection with a minimum of perspective.

The particular interest of the film is centered upon the importance which we give to the "fixed image," to its arithmetical, automatic projection, slowed down or accelerated—additional, likeness.

No scenario—Reactions of rhythmic images, that is all.

Two coefficients of interest upon which the film is constructed:
The variation of the speeds of projection:
The rhythm of these speeds.

An important contribution due to a technical novelty of Mr. Murphy and Mr. Ezra Pound — the multiple transformation of the projected image.

For the sake of variety and contrast some picturesque passages and "cartes postales" which have no value in themselves, but are used for the relation and reaction of the images which follow them.

The film is divided into seven vertical parts (flat, without depth, moving surfaces) which go from slow to rapid.

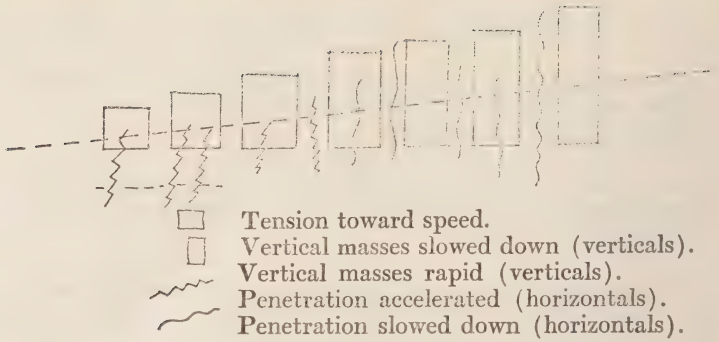
Each of these parts possesses its own unity due to the similarity of the groupings of similar objects-images, or of the same nature. This merely for the construction and to avoid the breaking up of the film.

To insure variety in each of these parts they are crossed by very rapid horizontal penetrations of similar forms (colour).

From one end to the other the film is subjected to an arithmetical constraint, as precise as possible (number, speed, time).

An object is projected to the rhythm of
6 images a second for 30 seconds.
3 images a second for 20 seconds.
10 images a second for 15 seconds.

We persist up to the point when the eye and spirit of the spectator will no longer accept. We drain out of it every bit of its value as a spectacle up to the moment when it becomes insupportable.



This film is objective, realistic and in no way abstract.

I made it in close collaboration with Dudley Murphy.

We have asked the composer, George Antheil, to make for it a musical synchronized adaptation—thanks to the scientific process of Monsieur Delacomme, we hope to produce mechanically the sound and image absolutely simultaneously.

FERNAND LÉGER

OXEN CART AND WARFARE

AMONG THOSE already acquainted with Burke's writing, the opinion is held that his concerns are primarily aesthetic ones. He has been recognized as a unique producer of technical mechanisms, deliberately undertaken for no human work, in fact, projected parallel to experience. Therefore it is thought that he willfully slights content to the extent that content is quite negligible in his stories.

The White Oxen, and other stories, by Kenneth Burke. New York: Charles and Albert Boni. $2.50.

And from these suppositions the inference is drawn, that Burke exists entirely apart from the currents and problems of our general psyche.

Mr. Burke himself has openly contributed to these opinions, and, at times may believe in them. In his Author's Note to the *White Oxen,* the rhetorical properties of this book are emphasized. And he has stressed the "masculine aesthetic" elsewhere. But emphasis may be a matter of wish, being related in no way to actuality. Again, half-perception or an inadequate knowledge of relationship may cause misleading emphasis. In truth, the aesthetic is stressed, significantly, in Burke and in his stories. But those who see it, only, see half. While the main emphasis should be placed, not upon the technical abstract, but upon the technical as utilized by Burke to effect a purpose determined by existence as he experiences it.

But this purpose is not peculiar to Mr. Burke. Indeed it is shared by the world he lives in. For I would define it as the attempt to end conflict by means of conflict. To forcibly eliminate the disagreeable and painful. To artificially reduce and parcel life. Specifically, Burke tries to limit content by aesthetic devices; he achieves a mutilation. But the content itself is given over to civil strife (which he wishes to be rid of). These considerations shape my formula; an examination of the *White Oxen* will establish the attempt in fact.

It is true that practically no strain appears in certain of Burke's stories. Their material is that of bare sentience, animated by a type of wistfulness, of frustration which never intensifies to conflict. While the few raw ends are comfortably tied beneath a dull existence. But neither is an aesthetic distinction to be found in them. Similar forms have been or could be conceived and executed by any literary craftsman. In short, with no conflict of content, Burke attains no unusual aesthetic. He has no need to. And this is to my point.

In the true Burkeian experiments, however, one finds significant material in combat. Sex reveals itself, only to be doused by a vigorous disgust or by a sense of the ridiculous. Whereat, sex again appears and is treated with the same measures. Sensitivity is dulled by the intellect. Most passions end in nausea,

or are diffused in the irrelevant. Likewise, broken details act as sponges for emotion. Feeling is absorbed by them to the extent that it can find no adequate place in human action. Hence human action is itself arrested. But its consequences are not quite ignored, therefore. For Burke, I find, is subject to depression, and, at times, when his intellect is well off guard, he may experience a genuine despair.

Others have found an acid bite in him, and consequently think he is a satirist. He does write bits of satire, he may be potentially a satirist. But this bite too is broken. For the intellect, instead of functioning as a vertebra to emotions, instead of allowing them a full charge on it, is their attempted slayer. While sensitivity is welcomed as a source of food to neither. For the present then, Burke lacks precisely what the true satirist invariably has, namely, a co-operation of faculties in single focus, for corrosive purposes.

As I have indicated, Burke's elements are divided, they are at odds, militantly so. This division is the source of his despair, for, having given up all hope of unity, of harvesting some conscious value (other than technical awareness) from the conflict, he has yet to successfully eliminate the painful factors. But neither can Burke sustain despair. He does not wish to (and he thus negates his most valuable possession). His intellect again attempts to slay, to prevent expression. Moreover, militancy, or any type of action, tends to create the illusion of satisfaction, and allows one to escape in it. In all of this however, Mr. Burke, though possibly more intense, is in other ways similar to the rest of us who are engaged in the (modern) struggle. In the main instrument of combat, in the application of it, lie his distinction.

This instrument, determined by talent, by genius perhaps, is literary artifice. The Burkeian forms, clearly possessing their own logic, executed brilliantly, clash with all things save themselves, violate material, and never permit natural sequences in content. Rather, their devices split, parcel, bind it, and then piece it together by means of transitions, or make no attempt to piece it, but simply deposit it within the abstract movement of the general structure. In brief, his forms (from this point of view) are aggressive impositions, whereby he tries to kill, reduce,

or in some way comfortably use the stuff which existence presents to him. Necessarily he fails to kill. For artifice can kill nothing but itself,—and bad writing. Nor does he reduce, in reality. For his stories, arranged more or less according to their time of composition, witness an increase of conflict. Burke utilizes, however. Not comfortably, but after the method given in these quotations:

> "A man, suffering from untold miseries, can go out and plunge his knife into a wild beast, or his axe into a tree, and by so much resolve his discomfiture. An act is unmistakable: this man has acted. But he cannot plunge his knife into an odour on the wind, or a sudden memory of childhood, or a vague forewarning of death. Vicariously, he has tried to slay the wild beast instead of the sudden memory of childhood. He stoops over his kill, spies a single leaf detached, on the ground, contrived ingeniously, and his misfortunes are suddenly situated elsewhere. . . . To obviate this, let him divorce himself from organic experience, and translate these vaguenesses into the certainty of the intellect. Life, established by the poets as a fever, remains a problem of distress which cannot be solved in terms of positive happiness, but may be in terms of pains absent.
>
> "The intellect is the most advisable narcotic, since it enables us to live a waking deep-sleep, to get the completeness of facts, but without the poignancy. By the word I create, I act—which means, I slay. Man by nature is a slayer. Having become too subtle to dispose of his maladjustments by the slaying of wild beasts, he turns to the slaying of his emotions. The intellect unites living with death, perception with immunity. Let us admit only as much emotion as will serve to add zest to our perceptions. Let emotion be like gall in the blood.
>
> "To find that method whereby life, pressed into firm little bricks, is handled at leisure.
>
> "We must search, not for experience, but for the symbols of experience; reason and art each aiming at a formula in accord with its particular properties, its own potentials. Idea cuts through a tangle of emotion; emotion cuts through

a tangle of ideas—and each, expressed by the formulas of art and thought, are remedies against the complexities of existing. I bare my teeth at the yapping of the senses; I devote myself, rather, to seeing how, if a given thing is so, other things follow. Yet how strange that at this point, rising as I have above my own uneasiness, having found this rock on which to enforce myself, I should receive word from Gudruff."

JEAN TOOMER

The Editor of the Little Review:

POSSIBLY it will interest you and perhaps also make you feel weak with having to acknowledge the smothering strength of the vulgar, to know that a book has been published by a writer calling herself Dorothy Richardson, and entitled "The Book of Blanche." In view of the fact that the reading of five pages of this book reveals that the writer is not Dorothy M. Richardson, author of "Pointed Roofs," "The Tunnel," etc.—a writer of respectable and authentic talent —you, who have published the works of the second woman, might feel moved to protest.

I understand too, though uninformed about the author of "The Book of Blanche," that an attempt has been made to imitate the style of the better known writer; and also to make it appear related to the life of that writer.

Certain reviews have mistaken this book for a new one by Dorothy M. Richardson, and have commented upon her "improvement in style" and perhaps on her "return to sanity." One need not comment on them as reviewers don't affect the quality of any piece of work, but one can regret how they help to take in such a public as likes Miss Dorothy M. Richardson's work; and it has been a public which increases.

Even should the writer of "The Book of Blanche" bear the name of Dorothy Richardson, the fact that neither she nor her publishers do anything to make the public aware of a difference in identity, makes her performance a suspicious looking affair.

ROBERT McALMON

LA FEMME AUX MAINS JOINTES (1924) BY JUAN GRIS

LE PIERROT AU LIVRE (1924) BY JUAN GRIS

TETE D'ARLEQUIN (1924) BY JUAN GRIS

LE LAD (1924) BY JUAN GRIS

The Aesthetic of the Machine and Mechanical Introspection in Art

IN THE aesthetic phenomenon of the evolution of the plastic arts the necessity, of considering the Machine and Mechanical elements as new symbols of aesthetic inspiration, has not been sufficiently taken into account.

PRECURSORS

We Futurists were the first to understand the marvellous mystery of inspiration which machines possess with their own mechanical world.

In fact, Marinetti in his first Manifesto on the Foundation of Futurism published in the Figaro in 1909 stated: "We shall chant the vibrant nocturnal fervour of the arsenals and ship-yards lit by their violent electric moons, the bridges like giant gymnasts striding the rivers, the daring steamers that nose the horizons, the full-breasted locomotives that prance on the rails like enormous iron horses bridled with tubes, the gliding flight of the aeroplanes whose screw flutters in the wind like a flag or seems to applaud like an enthusiastic mob. The racing automobile with its explosive breath and its great serpent-like tubes crawling over the bonnet—an automobile that whizzes like a volley from a machine gun is more beautiful than the victory of Samothrace."

From the appearance of the first Futurist Manifesto of Marinetti up until today, there has been a ceaseless searching and questioning in the field of art. Boccioni in his book, Futurist Sculpture and Painting (1914) stated that the era of the great mechanical individualities has begun; that all the rest is paleontology. Luigi Russolo (in 1913) with his invention of the noise-makers constructed new mechanical instruments to give value to new musical sounds inspired by noise, while Luciano Folgore in his poem the Chant of the Motors (1914) exalted the mechanical beauty of workshops and the overpowering lyricism of machines. Later, in my manifesto entitled Absolute Constructions in Motion-Noise (1915), I revealed by means of new plastic constructions the unknown constructive virtues of the mechanical aesthetic. While the painter Gino Severini confirmed by means of an admirable theoretical essay in the Mercure de France (1916) the theory that "the process of the construction of a machine is analogous to the constructive process of a work of art."

This Futurist exaltation of ours for the new era of the machines crossed the Italic frontier and awoke echoes among the Dutch, the Russian, the Germans and the Spanish.

Fernand Lèger recently declared his painting to be concerned with the love of those forms created by industry and the clash of the thousand coloured and persuasive reflections of the so called classical subjects.

Guillermo de Torre, the daring Spanish poet and founder of the Ultraist movement, announced in his manifesto "Vertical" in 1918 the forthcoming epoch of the new and mechanical world.

Today we see a new tendency manifesting itself at the recent international Artists Congress of Düsseldorf. This is the movement of the "Constructionists" as exemplified in the works of the Russian, Dutch, German, Scandinavian and Roumanian painters among whom we may note Theo Van Doesburg, Richter, Lissitzsky, Eggelin and Janco. The Constructionists, though they take as their starting point an extremely clear theory, announcing the constructive exaltation of the Machine, become inconsistent in the application of their doctrine, confusing exterior form with spiritual content.

We today—without ignoring the attempts that have been made in the course of the last years by ourselves and certain Futurist friends of ours—intend to reassume and synthetize all that which has been expressed individually and incidentally in order to arrive at more complete and more concrete results, in order to be able to realize more fully new aesthetic values in the field of the plastic arts.

Our experience has convinced us of the truth of certain of our plastic truths and has allowed us to perceive the errors that lie in others.

OLD AND NEW SYMBOLS

In the history of art throughout the ages the symbols and elements of inspiration have been suggested to us by the ancient legends and classic myths created by modern imagination. Today, therefore, where can we look for more contingent inspiration than among the new symbols which are no longer the creation of the imagination or the fantasy—but of human genius?

Is not the machine today the most exuberant of the mystery of human creation? Is it not the new mythical deity which weaves the legends and histories of the contemporary human drama? The Machine in its practical and material function comes to have today in human concepts and thoughts the significance of an ideal and spiritual inspiration.

The artist can only pin his faith to the realities contingent on his own life or to those elements of expression which spiritualize the atmosphere he breathes. The elements and the plastic symbols of the Machine are inevitably as much symbols as a god Pan, the taking down from the Cross, of the Assumption of the Virgin, etc.. The logic, therefore, of aesthetic verities becomes self-evident, and develops parallel with the spirit which seeks to contemplate, live and identify itself with reality itself.

THE AESTHETIC OF THE MACHINE AND MECHANICAL INTROSPECTION

We today, after having sung and exalted the suggestive inspirational force of the Machine—after having by means of the first plastic works of the new school fixed pure plastic sensations and emotions, see now the outlines of the new aesthetic of The Machine appearing on the horizon like a fly wheel all fiery from Eternal Motion.

WE THEREFORE PROCLAIM

1 The Machine to be the tutelary symbol of the universal dynamism, potentially embodying in itself the essential elements of human creation: the discoverer of fresh developments in modern aesthetics.

2. The aesthetic virtues of the machine and the metaphysical meaning of its motions and movements constitute the new font of inspiration for the evolution and development of contemporaneous plastic arts.

3. The plastic exaltation of The Machine and the mechanical elements must not be conceived in their exterior reality, that is in formal representations of the elements which make up The Machine itself, but rather in the plastic-mechanical analogy that The Machine suggests to us in connection with various spiritual realities.

4. The stylistic modifications of Mechanical Art arise from The Machine-as-interferential-element.

5 The machine marks the rhythm of human psychology and beats time for our spiritual exaltations. Therefore it is inevitable and consequent to the evolution of the plastic arts of our day.

(*Translated by E. S.*)

ENRICO PRAMPOLINI

JESUS-CHRIST RASTAQUOUERE*

ONE MINUTE BETWEEN THE ACTS

I HAVE made a trip on the most beautiful boat ever constructed; n.b., on this liner passengers and crew were on horseback.

The captain, rider Emeritus, was on a full-blooded racehorse; he wore a hunting suit and blew a horn to direct the manoeuvres; and for me: I hate riding, and managed to get a permit to spend the day on a wooden horse in the gymnasium. We landed in an unknown country where horses were unknown; the natives took our mounted passengers for a sort of two-headed animal; they were terrified and dared not approach; only me, I had remained recognizable as a fellow creature, and these primitive people took me prisoner. 'Twas in prison that I wrote the following lines. This prison was an island entirely deserted by day, but at night the denizens of a great continenal city, where both marriage and free unions were forbidden, met there to make love; on which account I was able to bring back from my exile the finest, most splendid collection of ladies' combs that exists; they range from celluloid to the most transparent

(Translation begun by Anonymous and Pseudonyms completed by B. M. G. Adams and H. Storms.)

*Rastaquore, Rasta: foreigner whose means of existence are unknown. Definition found in La Dictionnaire Larousse.

tortoise-sehll, covered with precious stones. I have offered this collection to my uncle, the celebrated conchologist, and he has put it in a glass case with his collection of Indian shells.

CHAPTER I

I SPEAK not of the cat, I speak not of ears, I speak not of maize, I speak not of mutton; neither do I speak of women, I speak not of men. I am not a painter, I am not a man of letters, I am not a musician, I have no profession, I am not an amateur.

Now, in this world, left on account, there are no longer anything but specialists. Specialists separate man from all other men.

Lyric poets, dramatic poets, you adore art in order to escape literature, and you are merely men of letters. Draggling painters, the countries you explore are exploded anecdotes. Musicians, you are ricochets on the water. . . .

The man of our days
Is a sort of mirror.
When the curtain is raised
The place for the spectator
Is entirely empty;
There is no faith
And you insist on
His having prejudices.
What hope? How hope?

Jealousy, love, hate, ambition, the spectator plays these solemn and undulating roles.

God, who dominates problematic action, is as improbable as prov'dence or fatality.

Extraordinary felicity,
Necessarily impossible,
Amid foliage sprinkled
With rainbow butterflies.

Good vegetables, the strawberry-plant, the heliotrope, etc. . . . Behold love's excesses and the nothing of Jesus-Christ Rastaquoere. Let us depart into the

DESERT OF TASTE

Taste, something good, good wines, lectures, success, the immense grotesqueness of enthusiasm for one's country, for honour—*I only give my "word of honour" to back up a lie*—are for me merely so many sensations of disgust, accompanied by nauseas. I have more sympathy for a suckling pig than for a member of the Institute, and a bitterness comes into my stomach when I con-

template the turkeys, peacocks and geese on the top of the social basket. Famous sentiment of duty, cooked-up by "good" education! There are people who live in continual indigestion of it, this makes them stink at the mouth, for no one save a few domestic corpses can digest it; you see them in bronze and marble in the public squares; Jesus-Christs-Stradivarius, Napoleon the Cascaret, Spinosa the Sand-Man, Nietzske Nietzsche the solitary, Lautreamont, late of Sodom. Politics has just dissected the trifling nature of this—the Montgolfiere[1] of your so-called intelligences.

Your brains are only cow-bells for camels and crocodiles, the noise of your phrases hangs about you as the noise of bells upon the lowing herds that come down from the hills in the half-light upon the Mounts of Suggestion.

Super-women, super-men, sub-women, sub-men, your hairs are turning white and your thoughts will remain in obscurity.

The thoughts of the heart, the thoughts of the soul, the thoughts of the cerebrum, are but automatic chemic reactions; the current which makes them move comes from you, yourselves, from the sun, or from the Great Bear; and the Great Bear recites, the sun recites, and we recite our digestions and indigestions. Your reflections, my dear lady-readers, though they be anti-reason and anti-truth are but so many conventions, on an absolute which is itself a convention.

The heaven lies on our back and we carry it to become strong! That's an error! Carpentier is no stronger than a two-year-old kid, space and time have the same duration, a fat woman, a thin woman, and an old one or a young one, are all the same thing. You seek for continuous movement, for halts, for imaginary landings on the stairs—what imbecility!

THE SUN HIDES THE HORIZON

One returns from long trips in America, China, France, Germany, still more tired with the game of movement.

There are lakes and islands, there is no difference between them.

Symphony shedding a chestnut-coloured light on our tummies:

"If you only knew how I love you, what a romance we would live." And they light a lamp to hide their nakedness, their nakedness which trembles in the moonlight. And of these there are hundreds of millions, and their personality, in different languages and different costumes, exists but to do the same thing.

Do not work, do not love, do not read, think of me; I have found the new laugh and the counter-sign. There is nothing to understand, live, for your pleasure is nothing, nothing, nothing but the value you yourself give to everything.

One of my friends, a mobile, exalted spirit said he found differences between literary, pictorial and musical works, I didn't agree with him and we had a long conversation on this subject; our delirium lasted nearly an hour, until the moment when our minds, transformed into a sort of pulp, permitted us to perceive the nothingness of all physical and metaphysical theories!

In the course of our discussion another of my friends intervened, and his lucidity was suddenly obscured by the fact that he perceived an exterior light

[1]Footnote for rural reader, for reader lacking hist. background. Montgolfiere invented the balloon. The baboon was invented before that.

which he projected upon himself; the word light doesn't exist, but the light exists, is it vibration or humidity, etc., etc. . . .

"There are men with heads at their bottom, like plants, and they look at the world with their feet!" Such was the conclusion of our conversation upon intelligence and we seemed to escape for a few minutes from the folly of men who understand and explain. . . .

IN A GREAT SILENCE

You tremble before Christ, you are all very good Jesuits.

EVERYTHING IS POISON, EXCEPT OUR HABITS

One ought to use chewing-gum for the host, in that case by so doing God would strengthen your jaws; chew, chew it for a long time, without arrière-pensée; since he loves your mouth, let him know what it is good for! Your tepid tongues are not to be disdained, even by a God.

Think of the ridiculous illusions which you try to give to each other, the corsets you wear are mouse-traps. You are all merely bits of ice and you want to make me believe that this ice burns and consumes itself like the sun. Your heart melts, that's all there is to it, and the tepid liquid that leaks from it serves merely to float a very small cold dirty little object which you label "soul." Does reality cast your dreams on the dung-heap? You must straddle this dung-heap and enter flat-footed into what I call the rastaquouere Infamy.

IMAGINE THIS

Christ-Jesus Jockey!

Yes, he becomes the idol of the crowd, he races, everyone bets on him; result for the betters: zero.

ALL BELIEFS ARE BALD-HEADED IDEAS

Evil for evil, the cerebral lobes of Jeanne d'Arc, those of the Marshall de Rais, on the field of Azure, or grey matter, Maid and ephebes, at last the monks of madness; don't you think one wants to dump all this at the street corner? I prefer the mystification: J-C Rastaquouere.

Since what
Chug-chug toward death
Six to one
Six to the other;
Vague thoughts
Round a word.

PHENOMENA

Intelligence is official, institute, you want phenomena: bearded-ladies of painting, little cyclopses of literature. All artists are hunchbacks; music-box

hump, rhythm-receivers of life's castagnettes. Barnum's freaks are the involuntary and international bolchevics of the monstrous picturesque; they make us think of the dead-stop of evolution, of the hypertrophy of thought, given more agreeably by morphine or opium. All individual phenomena want to be "opeum" or "morphine!" Others, more practical, sell their signature-charlatan, like hairs from Mahomet's behind, or bits of the true cross, signed by the suggestion of snobs.

PHOTOGRAPHY AND GYMNASTIC RELIGIONS

Ouf! That's a kiss for you, my dear readeress, down the back of your neck; we are here in the sun, you have a sapphire ring on your finger, and you want only to give it me; you are scratching my back with your right hand, and my doctor said I was in excellent health . . . that's life, that's all of life, all there is to it.**

There's of course Pasteur, who in curing you of hydrophobia gives you back life, but doesn't it remain to be seen which of the two is preferable? Pasteur is intelligent, I am not, phenomena do not please me. Madame, I beg you to scratch me again, keep on scratching my back.

QUESTION OF INVISIBLE CONTACTS

Infected contacts, disinfected contacts, society exists in part by invisible transmissions.

Love is a contact infected by magical charm, it wishes to kill first of all those surrounding the person loved, and then, gradually the beloved object itself.

Black Mass
Lust
Kiss the rump
Demonism
Etc., etc., etc. . . .

Phallus are exoteric in a bed, and usually, exoteric in the street. If we do not our sisters, our mothers, our friends, pretty animals, it is because of our education, which finds it more convenient and healthier to specialize: love with one legitimate woman for the occident, while the orientals give us the sight of a poultry yard in which the cock has to ranoeuvre less.

LOVE OF INTELLECTUALS

It is exactly like an other love—what transforms the look of it is that the two lovers are the spyer at the keyhole and arrive at the worst intimations.

The super-woman represents Institution.

The sub-woman dadaism.

As for men, they always want to be ministers. Many men carry in their buttonholes the souvenir of their wives' amorous adventures.

Church bells, the noise of waves, the flat calm of the sea, moonlight, sunsets,

**Here ends translation by Anonymous and Pseudonymous and begins translation by B. M. G. Adams and H Storms.

storm, are so much shampooing for a blind phallus; our phallus should have eyes, thanks to them we could believe for a minute that we had seen love close to.

Platonic live doesn't exist.

Love is a closed shutter, painted dark grey!

Love is an opportunity which never comes!

Love is a damp dwelling!

Love is a well under a cathedral!

Love is a formidable conflagration! etc., etc.

Love is the abridged designation of the picture of children manufacturers.

Love crushes you . . .

Love can be admiration or pity!

Love is often an economic commodity.

Love under the action of cocaine, enlarges, love is then purely a chemical reaction and manifests itself at the contact of invisible currents, like the reflexes of a dead frog.

THRILLS OF AN EMPTY HEAD

If you look within you, you see nothing but a library which smothers you, if you persist, you will produce the arrest of your faculties, go on insisting and panic and delirium will result. Life isn't your representation, but a representation; it is outside of one's self that one finds the means of renewing and nourishing one's self; upon my word it is the same thing as eating a beefsteak.

From the heart of Jesus
The sanctuary skiff
Appeared to me
On a cross
Of sorrel
Singing
The banal rag-time
Of the cash of the Pope.

CORDS OF MODESTY

Mineral symbolists, a cabochon ruby will calm prudence, keep your hats on. Impressionists, one has to take one's watch out. Cubists of the gutters of N. D., smoke fewer pipes and more cigarettes.

Dadaists, impure animals, men will baptize you, don't worry.

Futurists are Italians. They say that a honeymoon in Venice is marvellous!

Venetian houses
Don't stand straight
Many are dishclouts
That dirty our legs
One has to change rooms
As one changes one's linen
The house windows
Are so many anus,
But poetry is everywhere

Isn't it?
To preserve the peevishness
Of your barkings
Horizontally suspended map.
I don't see anything.

The old houses can't teach you anything more, they resemble old people who drivel about youth.

COMEDIANS AND HUMOURISTS

The psychologist feeds exclusively on consciousness; as for me—I want nothing more than an unconsciousness impossible to acclimatize.

Humorists are the artificial flowers of comedy, they cede to the spectators.

Clowns are humorists.

Humorists are the worst of idiots, they can only amuse those among your readeresses who are willing to wear girdles of chastity.

COMEDY

A bullfight makes me want to laugh.
War makes me want to laugh.
The dramas of Hauptmann and Ibsen make me want to laugh.
A capital execution makes me want to laugh.
A reception at the Academy makes me want to laugh.
A king makes me want to laugh.
Jesus-Christ-Rastaquouère makes me want to laugh!

The cock like Othello,
Resembles Macbeth,
About the olive trees.

KNOWN AND UNKNOWN

The unknown does not exist. Providence is known, it is not an enigma. There is only heredity.

The village sleeps,
Thoughts
Like beasts
Hide themselves.

WASH-OUTS

Disinterested beings live at the expense of others celebrating the foolishness of working and the voluptuousness of revolutions, and that without laughing, and coolingly!

HOW OLD ARE YOU?

Under a sheet, in a room, a short time ago, I made love with open hands.

The great ox-eyed daisies,

Like so many suns,
Descend in my brain
Bristling with brambles.

Happiness scents out the wreckage of our shadow. Life should be like a bath in which to stretch one's limbs; but the carpet of green grass blushes beneath the fire of caresses, like young girls who show their hair. Toads jump in your mouth, and little yellow fumes enter your ears. Dip your hands in the perfumed silver and gold balsamic plants, and, in the arms of each other, come to seek me on the horizon.

CHAPTER II
MY SMILE

"All plants belong to me, that is why I don't care for the country!"

There is a kind of bird, very rare, and difficult to obtain knowledge of, because these birds never alight; the female lays her eggs in the air at a great height; and before they reach the earth the young are hatched out; perpetually flying, never resting the beating of their wings resembles the beating of our heart; stopping means death. These birds exist everywhre, they have, it seems, always existed, but where do they come from, from what planet? The knowledge of their origin preoccupies many brains . . .

And this reminds me of a curious story told me by a painter, partly Norman, partly Auvergnat, neo-cubist, and neo-don Juan; the story of a man who chewed a revolver! This man was already old, from his birth he had given himself up to this strange mastication; indeed his extraordinary weapon must have killed him had he stopped for an instant; at the same time he had been warned that, do what he might, one inevitable day the revolver would go off and kill him; meanwhile, unwearied, he continued to chew . . .

(*To be concluded*)

FRANCIS PICABIA

THE EYE ALIVE

Modern Metropolis Onlooker Notes

HARBOR—Autumnal Days. Slit of sky from topmost tower to Broadway. White mountains then grey. Bridge bound river. Brooklyn Docks, Warehouses blocks of Concrete. Narrows, Forts. Staten Island Hills stone covered. Jersey Flats bearing Chimneys, Tanks, Water littered with man-sewage in no other Harbour. Rio: Purple peaked truncated green clean; BA: merde yellow; Honolulu: Craters; New York: Man, Staten Island Homesteader.

THEATRE—Special Matinees; Broadway Canaille seeking reclame by imitating Margaret Anglin's versatile energy. Professional audiences; the most unprofessional.

ARTISTIC MORNINGS—D'Alvarez in Citronyellow velvet singing Lia. Narrow balcony supporting ladies legs, supporting thick-lipped heads.

BOXING—Dempsey with new un-apropos nose spoiling symmetry of cheek-bones. Sengal-two-year-removed-Siki battling Boike of Pitts boig: fat ivory versus orchidchocolate. Tiger Flowers . . . Tiger Flowers: looking like John Cowper Powys and as bashful when not functioning. Weekly display of male lust at the clubs: Irish Gannon kissing bloodsmeared ninthround vanquished Jew opponent.

MACHINERY—Lithe polished metals, arranged, constructioned, proportioned, polished: Grand Central Palace most thrilling show. Thicknecked men with eyes afire seeking words to "explain" their love.

MILITARY—Smoker at the Armory. Comraderie of the Crusaders, drills, bouts, matches, men fitted into patterns. Booze, singing, stories—for tomorrow.....: eight hours at the office.

FENCING—The formalism of sculpturesque movement. The parry, thrust; wrist movements surpassing the needs of piano or violin.

MOVIES—HE, who gets slapped, scraping away the sawdust, after the crowd has left, to unearth his padded muslin heart to have it ready for the next performance. Darkness for a minute. Seastrom, Swede; Lubitsch, German-Jew: two best pictures this year.

ART EXPOSES—People still look at pictures inside a frame.

"NATURE"—The deforestation of Central park by political hacks trimming trees. The new row of Maidenhair Trees on Central Park south. . . . Carl Van Vechten's tonsorial display. . . . Crocus bulbs blooming in Max Schling's window in November. Manhattan air at midnight.

SWIMMING—Faded Tan and white, moving in another life, brown water through violet rays heaving green in white tile pools. Life by water; Death by water.

VAUDEVILLE—Leavening Revues. TOTO enameled skull, rubber limb, crystal critic. TEAMS of sadistic dialogue. SISTER ACTS duplication of Specie. EDWYN buffeted buffoon. ROSENCRANTZ AND GUILDENSTERN.

C. Z.

THE READER CRITIC

A LETTER FROM THE LITTLE REVIEW TO THE LITTLE REVIEW

M.A., Cauterets, Hautes Pyrenées.

....I have just read the L. R. every page of it coming down here on the train. I had no time before I left Paris....of course I had read "Mary."....I have read it over again....your translation is amazing. Your comments are better this time than ever—Tzara rather charming and amusing—Bob McAlmon! I don't object to his phrases that are careless and easy and in the rhythms of natural talk BUT does he have to make sentences like that last one? Hart Crane should be killed, perhaps, but certainly not printed. The reproductions are splendid....too exciting....no other magazine in the country will get around to these things for years. But the "Notes: During Illness" do you realize that they are beautiful and tragic and scientifically valuable and that some of it is stunning writing? Why don't you ask her to do her "life," for the magazine, just the way she has made these "notes." Did you show the "Notes" to Joyce?

Why don't you write! It's disgusting of you. Thursday A.M. I'm going for 10 days to the smallest village in the world—with a view of the entire universe from my balcony—too charming for words.

Saturday—

So charming: at 9:30 this A.M. breakfasting on the terrace (I mean the balcony of my room—with view of universe)—breakfast of coffee and rolls and honey—the bonne brought me 2 letters from you, with the articles, Thank heaven for the Léger article—it's tres intelligent et beau—Léger's idea is beautifully explained but not large enough or interesting enough, as an idea, to result in anything but a gorgeous experiment. The cinema must treat of human beings and the dramatization of human emotion in movement. This is its greatest attraction—its only "beauty." Imagine if they'd had the sense to use Mary G. for this!....

A few details! How did Emma Goldman look, and tell me something about Gurdjieff's accident....don't merely send bulletins. Send me Tzara's "Mouchoir de Nuages" and all the other books. Did you see the announcement for the Pan-American number of *The Transatlantic Review* and Ford's talk on what he is doing....vellities of what we used to talk when we first started the L.R. and he is applauded as a "modern" and listened to with interest.... because he is a man. Hemingway finds all the new stuff for him, doesn't he? One gets madder every day! Give my love to the dear Brancusi.

Write!

QUESTION

Dear Little Review: Where did all these people, including Ben Hecht's SAVARON, read "most of ULYSSES in the LITTLE REVIEW? From whom did they borrow their copies or where see them? The public libraries don't got them. Maybe they're like the person to whom I showed THE LITTLE REVIEW, first view, latest issue, last month, and last week showed them Sylvia Beach's edition said: "Ah, if I had only seen it first in this volume, instead of in the small type and pages of The Little Review, I should have appreciated its beauty."

"AMERICANA"

H. L. Menken — Chicago Tribune Magazine

THERE ARE those who understand and smack their lips over the poetry of Carlos Williams, E. E. Cummings, and other such revolutionaries — and there are dolts, poltroons, Ku Kluxers, scoundrels. The Little Review, even before the police had at it, was more evangelical than the War Cry. Any one who presumed to balk at its pathological fiction and college yell poetry was at once a Presbyterian and an agent of the kaiser. Its aim was to Do Good, to Save Art, to Emancipate Humanity, artistically and sexually.

.....What one observes in the Little Review and other such advanced sheets is simply a sort of organized imbecility."

[Can't you hear his shoes squeak? Beginning with the egg of a dinosaur has there ever been anyone who has known less about art and letters than Menken? ————————jh]

OF THE LITTLE REVIEW

I. S., New York:

MARY" IS an unusual piece of work, but runs out, for me. The writer introduces his own grief in a way objectionable to me. "Three Generations" disappointed me very much. It struck me as being little more than notes for a story than a finished piece of work. It is almost as if he had no ear or tongue for the joys to be found in English speech. "His conversation was made up of relating how late he'd been up every night for the last five, how much he'd spent, drank, danced, and what he thought the old man would think of it all." Try this on your tongue and ears. "Made up of relating!" "Mrs. Tartran pounced out into the hall." "you utter, complete damn fool, to be letting us in for this/" "bring this down upon us." "this family's hands." "a push on his shoulder." If there hadn't been such good possibilities in this, and hadn't this about it the earmarks of authentic appreciation and hadn't

heard him so well spoken of and wished him well, I should have said nothing but passed up/ It's too bad he did not take the time with this to do it well.

The outstanding thing in this number for me is the "Notes." But I imagine that most readers will miss the very necessary knowledge that this is all terribly authentic.

ANOTHER JOB FOR ART

J. Vandervoort Sloan, Drama, Dec. '24

"The theatre is the sounding-board of the emotions. It should not be used for religious or political propaganda, but rather as a mirror that reflects the beauty of mind and the more kindly side of human nature. It is the grown ups' nursery."

As Benny Leonard says: "*I am champion* for my mother's sake."

PROCTOR AND GAMBOL IN THE ARTS

proctor: official in nullity case where collusion or suppression of facts is alleged.
gambol: you all know "life is a gambol" and "lambs gamble" don't you?
(please don't write in from the international suburbs that "the spelling etc.")

"ART CENTER OFFERS PRIZES OF FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS FOR BEST SCULPTURES IN SOAP

Novel Competition To Encourage Plastic Art

THE ART CENTER of New York, 65 East 56th Street, announces a competition for sculpture using soap as a medium with $500. as awards to the best works executed in this new medium. Prizes of $250., $150., and $100. respectively, will be given by the Procter and Gamble Company, through a jury of award consisting of sculptors of repute.

These awards are offered by the Procter and Gamble Company in its desire to focus attention upon soap as a medium for sculpture, since it has been discovered that soap is a fitting medium for this purpose because of the ease with which it can be carved, and of its color, texture, and keeping qualities."

EDITORIAL IN THE TRANSATLANTIC FOR DECEMBER

"THAT is how the course of Literature makes its way. When we are gathered to Anatole France the happy band who are now the crew of this periodical shall issue a pamphlet called *A Rotten Corpse* and so dance upon our remains. That is proper."

Some think it better to let the French razz old dead Anatole —"Some do Not." ———

If You Haven't Been Able to Understand the Bolsheviks . . . . Read This:---[However They Admit That There Are Only 500 of Them] . . . .

N. Y. World, Dec. 10, 1924:

"As Mrs. Loomis explained it, Americans visiting Europe were impressed with the social havoc that must be remedied, and therefore, she says, 'the Monday Opera Club sprang into being. Her explanation contains the new philosophy of society."

Mrs. Loomis Explains

" 'Those interested in its inception,' Mrs. Loomis continued, 'were not willing to lend their names, even for a good cause, to anything that was not maintained along the lines of a fastidious taste, which demands the best in art for entertainment, music and setting—touching the high water mark of social gaiety, but not its overflow.'

" 'Sociey in Europe, of an older civilization, brought to bay by the cataclysm of war, looks across the sea with hope to the social life of our vigorous new nation. Both continents must uphold standards or many valued assets will be lost. Each group of people must strike its own note. Society is only an agglomeration of groups. The Monday Opera Club can be but one small group of these. Has it standards? Of course. But we must fight to keep them.' "

"demands the best in art for entertainment, music and setting — &?%¼¼¼ @@::£££¾¾"//????&&@½½½ — " " as I was saying. Our "[simple Frood"] which ART in Heaven..... Thou wilt be DONE.....etc.

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Paris Letter: André Salmon

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